

fetch me weapons, and stand you all aside.

*Cade.* Now sword, if thou dost not hew this burly bond churl  
into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou maist fall into some  
smiths hand and be turnd into hobnailes.

*Eyden.* Come on thy way. *They fight, and Cade falls downe.*

*Cade.* Oh villain, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chi-  
ualry, but it is famine & not thee that has done it. for come ten  
thousand diuels, & giue me but the ten meals that I wanted this  
fiue daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a pox rot thee, for  
Iacke Cade must die. *he dies.*

*Eyden.* Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous rebell which I haue  
slain: oh sword I honor thee for this, and in my chamber shalt  
thou hang as a monumēt to after age, for this great seruice thou  
hast done to me, ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off  
head and beare it with me. *exit*

*Enter the Duke of Yorke with drum and souldiers.*

*Yorke.* In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,  
Ring bells alowd, bonfires perfume the ayre,  
To entertaine faire Englands royall King:  
Ah *sancta Maiestu*, who would not buy thee deare?

*Enter the duke of Buckingham.*

But soft, who comes here? Buckingham, what news with him?

*Buck.* Yorke, if thou meane wel, I greet thee so.

*Yorke.* Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare,  
What comest thou in loue, or as a messenger?

*Bu.* I come as a messenger from our dread lord & soueraign  
Henry, to know the reason of these Armes in peace?

Or that thou being a subiect as I am,  
Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spread,  
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

*Yorke.* A subiect as he is!

O how I hate these spightfull abiect termes,

But Yorke, dissemble till thou meete thy sonnes,

Who now in Armes expect their fathers fight,

And farre hence I know they cannot be:

Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,

That

That I answerd not at first, my mind was troubled,  
I came to remoue that monstrous rebell Cade,  
And haue prowd Somerset from out the Court,  
That basely yeelded vp the townes in France.

*Buc.* Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,

But if it be no otherwise but so,

The King doth pardon thee, and grants to thy request,

And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

*Yorke.* Vpon thine honour is it so?

*Buc.* Yorke, he is vpon mine honor.

*Yorke.* Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troupes,  
Sirs, meete me to morrow in saint Georges fields,  
And there you shall receiue your pay of me.

*exunt souldiers.*

*Buc.* Come Yorke, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,  
But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

*enter King Henry.*

*King.* How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs  
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

*Buc.* He is my lord, and hath dischargd his troopes  
Which came with him, but as your Grace did say,  
To heaue the duke of Somerset from hence,  
And to subdue the rebels that were vp.

*King.* Then welcome coosin Yorke, giue me thy hand,  
And thanks for thy great seruice done to vs,  
Against those traitrous Irish that rebeld.

*enter maister Eyden with Iacke Cades head.*

*Eyden.* Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,  
Lo here (my Lord) vpon my bended knees,  
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,  
That hand to hand in single fight I slew.

*King.* First, thanks to heauen, and next, to thee my friend,  
That hast subdued that wicked traitor thus,  
Oh let me see that head that in his life  
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight!  
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,  
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,

H

Preser-